In The Martlet Vol. 13, No. 20 (31 Jan. 1974)

the martlet literary magazine

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SUBMISSIONS CARE OF THE MARTLET

ALMOST GREEK

two young men a table away
reassure each other
of their friendship
and try very hard to touch
each other's souls
by confessing small things
they create intimacy
by admitting that this
is the first time
they have told anyone
they are in sympathy
and one is afraid
the other will find out
what he's been doing
to his friend's wife
while he was away
and the other is afraid
the first will find out
that he already knows
and really doesn't care enough
to let it come between them

BY W. ROBERT ARNOLD

NESTS

BY MICKEY KINSELLA

CHARACTERS:

GUS: About forty, farmer-laborer, slightly stooped.

MARTIN: Gus' brother, a few years younger, a factory clerk.

DANIELLE: Gus' daughter, around fifteen, pale, neat in appearance. She has brooding dark eyes, and there is a far away air about her.

SETTING: Interior, old farm house, dimly lighted. Could be contemporary, but time as late forties or early fifties would be more appropriate. LARGE WASP'S NEST on mantle, another hanging on a string turns ominously in area stage left.

TIME: Late afternoon.

SCENE ONE: As curtain opens, GUS is sitting quietly, staring out bay window, stage centre back. DANIELLE'S voice is heard off stage; GUS remains motionless, silent.

DANIELLE: *(off stage)* Dad...dad...you here, dad?

(DANIELLE enters stage right, sees her father at the window and approaches him slowly)

DANIELLE: Dad?

GUS: I've been right here ya know...watchin' you.

DANIELLE: I know...I see you there.

GUS: *(turning to face her)* Then why don't you stay to hell out of that holly orchard like I told you?

DANIELLE: *(preoccupied)* I wasn't doing anything...Did the Star Weekly come?

GUS: *(disgusted)* Ah! Whats the use of telling you anything.
(GUS returns to window)

DANIELLE: Did it come?

GUS: *(impatient)* What?...Did what come?

DANIELLE: The Star Weekly, it should have come today.

GUS: It's on the mantle...and don't you go cuttin' it up until I've had a chance to look at it.

DANIELLE: You never look at it.
(DANIELLE takes paper off mantle and begins rumaging around on sideboard)

GUS: What you up to now?...What you lookin' for?

DANIELLE: The scissors, I left them right here. *(pause)* Here,...I've got them.
(She begins cutting)

GUS: Confound it, child, I asked you not to...What do you do with all them scraps anyway?

DANIELLE: *(very calmly)* They're not scraps.

GUS: They are when you get through with 'em.

DANIELLE: They're clippings.

GUS: Scraps!...You only cut 'em up so as you can glue 'em back together again.

DANIELLE: I like clippings...They make my room nicer.

GUS: Hell!...They ain't but four walls in that room of yours...Ain't room for all that cuttin and paste'n. *(GUS begins to pace the floor)*
Just sit there cuttin' and paste'n, the table's always covered with it,...ain't fit to eat off.
It stinks...The whole place is stacky, and stinks of musilege.

DANIELLE: It's a nice smell,...a clean smell,

GUS: It stinks! *(GUS approaches table)* *Lookit that,..you ain't even cut that one out right...where's the rest of that fellow's...*

DANIELLE: Don't upset yourself, father,...I know what I'm doing.

GUS: The hell you do...cuttin' and paste'n. (GUS exasperated, returns to window)

DANIELLE: And you stare out that window...don't you, father? *(pause)* Don't you dad?

GUS: Least-wise, I know why I'm here.

DANIELLE: Do you, Father?
(DANIELLE rises from table with large patch of glued papers, she is about to exit)
Sometimes I really think you do know...Ooops! *(she spills the musilege)*

GUS: Now lookit what ya done...wipe that up *(She finds a cloth and begins reluctantly wiping up the glue, spreading it in a wider area.)* Did I hear that telephone?...When I was out to the wood shed?

DANIELLE: Yes.

GUS: Hey! stop that, you're makin' a bigger mess.

DANIELLE: I couldn't help it,...the top has come off.

GUS: The hell!...you take 'em off...*(pause)* Stop that, I tell you. Pretty soon we won't be able to walk around here either. *(longer pause)* I asked you, who telephoned here?...was it the school again?

DANIELLE: No,...It was uncle Martin.

GUS: What's he want?

DANIELLE: Nothing...He's coming out from town,...said he'd bring me a honey-dew,...from Fletcher's store.
(DANIELLE begins walking in the glue, slowly, delighted with the stickiness)

GUS: You ask him for it?...stop dancin' in that muck.

DANIELLE: No, I didn't ask,...he said he might bring you something too. He wanted to know, so I told him you might like some beer.

GUS: What?...*(angry)* Stop that thumpin', ya hear? Bad enough you beggin' for yourself, don't go askin' for me too...Ah! Marty knows I don't take to that store bought beer, anyway.

DANIELLE: And he might bring some jelly-babies too.

GUS: *(disgusted)* That sweet rubber?...You ask him for those too, didn't ya? Pure sugar, that stuff...rot the teeth right out of your head. *(pause)* Anyway, Marty knows if I want beer I make my own.

DANIELLE: Yes,...but you haven't made any since mamma...

GUS: And I don't want any either,...too cold for it now anyway. Look, you find yourself some readin' or something, I want to have a talk with your uncle Martin when he gets here,...but stay out of that holly orchard, ya hear?

DANIELLE: No,...I want to stay,...and see uncle Martin, besides he's bringing me a fine surprise.

GUS: Some surprise,...after you beggin'.

DANIELLE: He said Aunt Margaret might have a look at that yellow chiffon in the dress shop'...the one in the window.

GUS: *(very angry)* What?...It ain't your birthday. What makes you figure you're gettin' a new dress from Martin's...

DANIELLE: Nothing...they just like me...Uncle Marty says I'm a bright girl,...says I'm pretty.
Do you think I'm pretty, father? *(pause)*

GUS: Sure,...you're pretty enough,...you're pretty, just like your momma. *(DANIELLE goes to mirror, stage right, by mantle)*

DANIELLE: She was beautiful,...wasn't she, dad? *(She puts her hair high on top of her head, arranging and rearranging it, assuming different poses)* Uncle Marty calls me his little princess,...said they would get me the chiffon, because,...because I'm doing so...*(hesitates)* ...so well with my studies.

GUS: What?...What you been tellin'...

DANIELLE: Well,...I...I got all A's,...last year.

GUS: That was last year...What you been tellin' your uncle?...I bet you ain't been to school but two days this term. *(pause)* I should make you stay right here and fess up to Martin.

DANIELLE: I'm staying father,...I told uncle I would be here.

GUS: Then you're going to tell him the truth. *(DANIELLE gets a large yellow ribbon and ties her hair up on top of her head)*

DANIELLE: Do you like it like this, dad? *(She turns around slowly, waiting for his approval)*

GUS: Sure,...sure, child, that's nice.

DANIELLE: I'm going to get momma's best Sunday apron, and I...I'll be the host,...what with momma gone, and you feeling poorly,...I'll make coffee for you and Uncle Marty.

GUS: No!...no, there ain't nothing wrong with me,...you go along now,...I can look after me and Martin. *(pause)* Where's that breeze comin' from?...You leave that porch door open again?

DANIELLE: No,...I don't think so,...I'll see. *(DANIELLE goes to kitchen)*

GUS: *(calling)* Can't keep this place warm as it is...what with you leavin' the doors open, freezin' us out.

DANIELLE: *(reenters)* It wasn't open.

GUS: You didn't sneak it shut,...so as I wouldn't know did you?

DANIELLE: No, the door was shut and fastened. *(DANIELLE gathers up her mass of glued papers, musilege, and goes to china cabinet and takes something from the shelf)* I'm going up to my room.

GUS: Hey! where you takin' that...why can't you leave your momma's stuff where it belongs?

DANIELLE: I'm careful with them. *(DANIELLE exits through stair door)*

GUS: *(calling from bottom of stair)* You puttin' that stuff in your room ain't ya?...Danielle? *(pause)* You hear me?...don't be clutterin' up that other room any more than it is. *(sighs)* Oh hell!...what's the use talkin' to her? *(A truck is heard outside.) (mumbling to himself)* Must be Marty now. *(GUS goes over to window) (shouting)* O.K. Danielle, his trucks here. You come say hello to your uncle and then leave us be. *(pause)* Danielle? *(GUS back at bottom of stair)* Danielle?...come down here now, ya hear? *(Pause, there is no response)*

MARTIN: *(knocks as he enters)* Gus?...You home Gus?

GUS: Hello, Marty...Ya, come on in.

MARTIN: Say! that's a fine lass ya got there,...says you aren't feelin' too good though.

GUS: *(bewildered)* What?

MARTIN: A fine lass, Danny...should've seen her come out of that upstairs window and down the birch on the north side there...must have been watchin' for me, she made a bee-line for the truck, minute I was stopped.

GUS: Danielle?...you say she came out of that north window?...to meet you?

MARTIN: Ya,...A little pale, but pretty as a picture, she is,...the little princess is growing up though. *(pause)* Me and Margaret don't see much of her anymore, hardly ever stops by now when she's in town.

GUS: Where did she go?...Did you see where she went?

MARTIN: When?...just now?

GUS: She hit for that holly orchard, didn't she?

MARTIN: *(puzzled)* Well! maybe so,...I don't know... Hey! what difference does it make anyway? *(GUS goes back over to the window, stares into the distance, there is a long pause)*

GUS: Ya, she's headed for that holly alright.

SCENE TWO: Two hours later, early evening sun now hits bay window, streaming in on hanging WASP NEST, which should turn more frequently now, and continue to do so until end of play. GUS and MARTIN are seated at table drinking coffee.

MARTIN: Hey! Gus, you and Danny want to come in to town this Saturday?...you and I could go to the fights, Connelly is meeting that fellow from down east...Burroughs?...Barrows?

GUS: *(unenthusiasticly)* Barlow.

MARTIN: Yes, that's the one, Barlow,...has a brother in the N.H.L.

GUS: *(interrupting)* Ah, you don't like to go to the fights Marty, 'sides, it's gettin' pretty nippy out there.

MARTIN: Come on, you don't get a good bout around here that often, anymore...You haven't been to the fights for ages. *(pause)*

GUS: You cold Marty?

MARTIN: Me?...Lord no, I was just about to take this here sweater off, it isn't cold yet Gus,...'specially in here, only reason you feel the chill is because you keep it so hot, must be well over seventy.

GUS: *(pointing to bay window)* You see that holly flutterin'?...When the wind's strong enough to send that holly to flutterin', it's cold out there...Blows right through this house, anymore, the downstairs, anyway.

MARTIN: *(exasperated)* Oh! Gus, come on,...it's only a breeze. *(more gently now)* It's pretty damn warm in here, look, what do ya say, we have a beer?...maybe play some cards.

GUS: No, none for me...you have some if ya want though...I'm gonna have me another cup of this, warms me up.

MARTIN: Might as well pour me one too. *(Gus gets kettle from kitchen)* Maybe I will have some cream this time...Don't usually take it though.

GUS: *(a faint smile)* Ya, I know,...just three sugars.

MARTIN: Yes,...remember how you used to kid me about having coffee with my sugar.

GUS: Yes sir,..and you're sittin' there with store-teeth too, ain't ya Marty?...Just like I told ya. Rots the teeth right outta your head, that stuff. *(pause)* Sorry we don't have none though - Marty, seems like we're always outta sugar, anymore. *(GUS tastes his coffee, makes a face)* Kids buys this stuff,...ain't like real coffee, is it?

MARTIN: No,...Oh! it's fine Gus, just fine.

GUS: Only takes sweet stuff, the kid does...A powerful cravin' for sweets, she has, just like her momma.

MARTIN: It's fine...Let's quit beatin around the bush, whats wrong with you, anyway,...we haven't spent so much time talking about nothin' since god-knows when...Say! when are you thinking about getting back to work?

GUS: Oh, I don't know...

MARTIN: Simpson, down at the plant, was telling me they sure need you back at the job...got more work there than they can handle.

GUS: Ya, the foreman was callin' me again this week, I don't know, ...there's plenty of work needs doin' right around here too.

MARTIN: Sure does Gus,...startin' to look run down. How about that east quarter?...You going to turn that under one of these days?

GUS: I don't know...was even thinkin' of burning off the holly and plowin' it under too... can't decide what to do with it, don't expect it makes much difference.

MARTIN: You can't leave that stubble sitting there all winter.

GUS: Ain't far off now, is it?

MARTIN: What?

GUS: Winter,...it ain't far off.

MARTIN: Well, of course,...about the holly though, I don't know, seems a shame to burn it, after all, it was Jessie's.

GUS: *(Back at window)* Jessie was

uncommon fond of that mess of holly,...got so as she didn't care about much else except that orchard.

MARTIN: Look, why don't I come out here for a few days and give you a hand.

GUS: No, *(adamently)* No! you want to keep yourself away from here.

MARTIN: Nonsense, I got a few days comin' from work. Marg and I could come out and, ...well, we could all make a holiday of it. Margaret and I, we kind of miss the land, and she'd enjoy being with Danny...I know she would...What do ya say?

GUS: I say you keep Margaret to hell away from this place.

MARTIN: Shouldn't be this way Gus,...Danny needs a woman to talk to,...once in a while.

GUS: *(very adamently)* No, no she don't.

MARTIN: Hey! you can't deny her every...

GUS: *(interrupts)* No, she don't need nothin' of the kind,...just you let Danielle be.

MARTIN: It isn't right,...she's a bright young girl, about to become a woman, you owe her,...and anyway, we'd like to help, all we can.

GUS: You can't help Danielle, she's...she's doin' fine,...just fine. *(pause)* Didn't she tell you she was doin' fine?...at school too.

MARTIN: Sure, sure,...but I just figured...

GUS: Well,...I don't need no help,...couldn't do much anyway until I get that tractor fixed.

MARTIN: What?... It's damn near new,...for a tractor, can't need much fixin'.

GUS: Some parts missin'...Indians, I figure,...Them buggars 'll steal ya blind if ya give 'em the chance. There was a bunch through here at the beginnin' of springs work, round about the time I was fixin' to pull the holly for burning...Stupid damn Indians, don't know how to swipe one part but what they buggar two others.

MARTIN: You report it?

GUS: No,...ain't much point. God! that winds pickin up again. *(pause)* There ain't much use in it, me goin' back to work. ...*(stops short)*...Hey! Martin, come look at this...see, down there by that second row of holly. *(MARTIN joins GUS at the window)* You see something moving down there?

MARTIN: No,...no I don't see anything.

GUS: There's something there,...right there by that second bush. *(excited)* It's Danielle, I know it is. I tell her and tell her to stay outta that orchard, but she just looks at me with them big eyes of hers seein' straight through me, and does as she damn pleases.

MARTIN: *(patently)* Gus, there's nothing down there...that, I can see...Come on, let's do something to take your mind off things...Get out the cards and the crib board, we'll have a few hands. *(GUS returns to the armchair reluctantly)*

GUS: Cards?...Ain't seen 'em lately, or the crib board, for that matter,...the kid must have taken them someplace.

MARTIN: What do you mean? I never knew Danny to play cards...Hell! she wouldn't even learn rummy.

GUS: No,...no she don't play cards.

MARTIN: Well?

GUS: The kid takes things...to that room. See how the shelves is kinda bare? She carts things up there.

MARTIN: Up where?

GUS: The,...the nursery, that bloody north room.

MARTIN: Nursery? What nursery, Gus?...Hey! you're still feeling poorly aren't you? *(reaching out to Gus)*

GUS: You shut that porch door, when you come in, Marty? *(GUS pulls away, goes back to window)*

MARTIN: Yes, sure I shut it.

GUS: *(wearily)* Won't be long now, weather's startin' to change...just look at that holly blow...not long now, I expect, before we have our first snow. *(pause)* I'll just throw another stick of wood on that fire. *(GUS exits to kitchen)*

MARTIN: *(calling to him)* Why are you afraid of the weather, Gus?...Hell! we've got Indian summer coming up yet, ya know? *(MARTIN rises, walks over to window, then over to mantle. He examines wasp nest on mantle)*

GUS: *(Calling out from kitchen)* Jessie was the one could make a good cup...*(He stops short as he returns to room and see MARTIN examining wasp nest)*. You want some more coffee?

MARTIN: Why have you still got these things around?...Snap out of it, Gus, you otta get rid of 'em it would help you get yourself sorted out.

GUS: They was Jessie's.

MARTIN: Yes, I know but...

GUS: *(with reverence)* Considered them a real thing of beauty, she did. *(GUS returns to armchair, pulls his sweater tight to his body)* Upset her something awful when she found that one on the mantle caved in like that...Guess some kid pitched a rock at it. She brought it in, oh, a couple of years back. It's always set right there in the corner of Jessie's china cabinet...Not much left in there now. Danielle took the broken one out a while back, funny it ain't disappeared too. Anyway, she stuck it there on the mantle. *(pause)* Oh! the kid would throw a real fit if I was to get rid of them. Ever had a real good look at one?

MARTIN: No, not til now, but they sure are a work of art, aren't they?

GUS: Ya, parasites, ya know,...kidnap other bugs, ants and stuff, and them little sections,...in the top there, they fill 'em with eggs.

MARTIN: If that don't beat all,...sure put a lot of work into these things, don't they? Damn thing's made of paper, layers and layers of it. And look at all them little compartments. Isn't that something? *(MARTIN places nest back on mantle)* Yes sir, that really is a thing of beauty.

GUS: There's another one in the orchard this year, same place too. *(extreme mood change)* God damn wasps anyway. It was them started all the trouble *(GUS pacing floor, comes to a stop at window)*.

MARTIN: Easy,...easy Gus. Jessie wasn't well, we all know that, you know that. You have to face it, can't go blaming yourself. *(Pause, MARTIN joins GUS, attempts to comfort him)* She, well,...it just happens, there wasn't anything we could have done. We all loved her, Gus. She was special, gentle and sweet, but...Hey! Gus, you've got to think about the good times, and think about getting back to work, it's import...

GUS: *(turning on MARTIN insistant)* No! I ain't never going back to work. Don't you understand? I could have saved her...I should have gotten help, way back.

MICKEY KINSELLA is a second year student studying playwrighting under the direction of Lawrence Russell.

MARTIN: How could you?...you didn't know, none of us knew what was happening to her. You can't blame yourself, or, or anyone...the wasps? Hell! that's ridiculous. *(pause)* Gus, you have to stop carrying on like this.

GUS: No, I should have done something, or told somebody,...way back, when she was fixin' that spare room for,...for the kid, or, or God only knows what.

MARTIN: For Danny?

GUS: No!...Oh, I don't know...I tell ya, I don't know, Marty. It was a year or so back, she started fixin' that spare bedroom into a nursery. *(remembering)* It was when I started working two jobs. God! she started spendin' money like,...well, I bet she canged the wall paper on that room six, maybe seven, times. Christ! we had ducks, cats, lambs, and...I'm tellin' you, Marty, you don't know what it was like. I, well...I just pretended it wasn't really happening. Hell! I'd just come in from the fields, grab a bite, and head for the plant in town. *(MARTIN sits quietly, at first amazed, later assumes an almost patronizing attitude as he attempts to speak)*

MARTIN: I think,...

GUS: God damn it, Marty, you don't believe me, do you?

MARTIN: Well,...I just...

GUS: You just,...You want to see bassinettes, Marty? Not one, four...four, Marty. How many farmers you know, around these parts, with two hundred dollars in bassinettes, stuck in a room so thick with paper...Christ! and curtains, curtains goin' every which way, that's one room so cluttered with junk, you can't breath in there, Sealed up the windows she did, too. *(pause)* And now, God! Danielle practically lives in there, and carts stuff in,...from all over the house. Christ! Marty, I never told anybody, but I figured you'd believe me.

MARTIN: Settle down,...come on now, settle down *(gently)* I know it must be right,...if you say it is.

GUS: *(a bit calmer)* You damn right, it's right. And us not even havin' any hopes for another child. Poor ol' Jess, she wanted so much to have another child. *(pause)* You aren't cold, are ya Marty? Ya know, sometimes I just stand here at this window, and I see her down there,...plain as day, she is, by that second holly bush. *(DANIELLE enters silently. She is wearing the yellow chiffon dress. She stands motionless, listening to GUS speak)* Why didn't I do something? Why didn't I try to help her?..I could have...Ya know, towards the end, she'd stay down there damn near all day long, just sittin' there. *(MARTIN sees DANIELLE at the stair door, he motions frantically to GUS to stop)* Watchin' those,...those bastards.

MARTIN: Well, now, here's my little princess,...eh, Gus? Here's Danny, and don't she look nice in that pretty yellow dress? Yes sir, your aunt is going to be mighty proud of you, my girl. *(DANIELLE enters the room now; although she is rigid with anger, she speaks calmly)*

DANIELLE: And you, father, am I your little princess too? don't stop now, father, tell uncle Martin how you hated them, how you always hated them. Those,...those...

GUS: *(shouting)* Parasites.

DANIELLE: That's right, father, those parasites,...predacious bastards, isn't that what you always said?

GUS: Yes! Bastards! parasites!...I'm telling you, Marty, she got so she'd go right up close, close to the nest, and she'd stand there and hum, and away, and they would...they'd ...

DANIELLE: They would swarm her, wouldn't they, father? *(DANIELLE moves over to stage right, close to the hanging wasp nest. Both are bathed in the red glow of the late evening sun)* She was the host. It was a ritual, and you couldn't stop it...no one could. You needn't reproach yourself, you did your part, all that was expected of you. *(DANIELLE twirls the nest, watching it spin)*

GUS: It was a ritual, sure as hell, it was,...all day long, and then, Marty, she got to takin' her clothes off, and she'd stand there swayin' and, and her naked as a jay-bird.

DANIELLE: *(as in a trance)* She'd shed her wings. It was truly a sight to behold, a thing of beauty,...They never hurt her, there was never a mark.

GUS: *(to MARTIN)* And here I am, coming home from two jobs,...no food on the table,...workin' to pay for junk we weren't ever gonna use. *(There is a longer pause, GUS returns to window and remains with his back to audience for remainder of play. His stoop is more exaggerated now, and he speaks with calm resignation)* Sometimes, I think I still see her down there, dancin' and swayin'. I expect it's Danielle I see though.

DANIELLE: *(triumphant, defiant)* Yes!...yes, father, I take them sugar and nectar,...We see you watching from the window, there.

GUS: Who can survive it, Marty?...all this. Jessie couldn't, not everything.

DANIELLE: They survive, father,...they always survive.

GUS: Is she a princess, Marty?...I ask you(? *(pause)* You see it now too, don't you, Martin? Come the first snow, I'm a dead man.

CURTAIN

-30-

PIECES

I reverse into life
tracing the hollows
& hills of a face

A plaster cast
a carved mask
that someone has left
unbroken

The grey light
curves from the east
& showers the earth
with sun

That color
caught in the moon's
mouth

& spat out
as morning

Silence
its cage of silver
tongues

Star still
sweat bright
on all that sweet
blackness
mourning

Morning
& the flat throat
sky
the reed flute
song

ANONYMOUS

THE SECOND SHOW

BY CAROL REID

Characters

Joanie - about 20. Long dark hair which she perms to make it look thicker. Despite the long hair and feminine figure, there is something masculine and hard about her features.
Julian - about 30. Quite pale and thin. Circles under his eyes.
Karl - also thirtyish. Dark, long, curly hair. His speeches are often followed by a snicker to himself, as if he knows something which the others do not.

Setting - a room containing a shabby sofa and chairs. Colors are mostly dull greens and browns. A fireplace stage left, where a fire, or remains of a fire are burning. Karl is seated; his leg hanging over the arm of his chair. Julian is in one corner of the sofa, reading.

KARL: Getting a bit late.

JULIAN: Well, we can't just go to bed. No, no, we can't do that.

KARL: Don't want to wait for her much longer. Not much to wait for is there? *(a snicker)*
JULIAN: Well, nothing's happened. I'm sure. Nothing's happened.

KARL: *(agreeing)* No.

JULIAN: You don't think she's upset, do you? I mean, we didn't do anything.

KARL: *(snickering)* I didn't touch her. *(Silence)* Come over here. *(Julian walks over to Karl.)* Watch how I do this. *(Julian watches. Karl keeps carving.)* You put the knife into the soap. Just a little bit. Then you scrape away. Scrape, scrape, scrape. *(quietly)* It makes your heart beat. *(Julian is fascinated. Karl looks up and snickers at him. Julian smiles as if he doesn't get the joke, then returns to the sofa. Joarie enters, wearing an evening gown and a ratty fur coat. She is quite loaded.)*

JOANIE: Not much business tonight. Not bad for a Tuesday though, I guess. *(Takes off her coat, spreads it out on the sofa and sits on it.) (To Karl)* The guy at the club says I'm doing OK.

JULIAN: It took you quite a while to get home. Did you walk?

JOANIE: Yeah, Julie I walked. It's a nice night.

JULIAN: Really nice. A really nice night for a walk down that really lovely street.

KARL: They'll get you yet, Joanie. *(laughs to himself and keeps carving. Joanie gets up and looks in a mirror behind the sofa. She's checking her eyelashes, etc.)*

JULIAN: I've told you before, haven't I, you'll see the Devil right behind your shoulder if you look too long in the mirror. *(She has been told this many times, by now she almost believes it.)*

JOANIE: Yeah, I know, I know. *(Pause)* Hey, you guys, why don't we have a party? Just like the old days, right?

KARL: Might be some beer around.

JOANIE: Yeah, is there? *(Gets a few bottles from behind the sofa. Opens one, drinks down about one-third of it.)* O.K. now let's have a party. *(Karl takes a beer and opens it.)*

JULIAN: Joan, sometimes you make it awfully hard for me to think of you as a lady. *(Joanie sits down, crosses her legs.)*

JOANIE: No, Julie, that's not true is it? I'm a lady, aren't I? *(to Karl)* Hey, they've got some new stuff in the act, you know. Listen to this, O.K.? Tell me if I sound like Janis *(sings a bit from Turtle Blues, Karl laughs to himself.)*

JULIAN: You're going to sing, are you?

JOANIE: Yeah, maybe. *(to Karl)* I really loved Janis, you know. Oh she was so ... That girl could ... She ripped her heart right out. *(Pause)* But she was so fucking ugly. *(To Julian)* Why shouldn't I? Anybody else that wants to does it, why shouldn't I?

KARL: As far as I'm concerned, you're at your liberty, Joanie. *(Pause. Joanie finishes off her beer and lights a cigarette.)*

JOANIE: Hey, this one's for you, Julie. *(Sings.)*
Well I'm busted, disgusted
and I'm bent all out of shape
I'm busted, disgusted
This is my darkest day.
Talk about the low-down blues. I've got'em
I do believe I've hit rock bottom.
(She dances around and sings to herself.)

JULIAN: *(obviously disgusted at her prancing around.)* Why don't you sit down, Joanie? *(Pause. Julian exits stage right. Joanie gets her coat, lays it by the fireplace and sits on it.)*

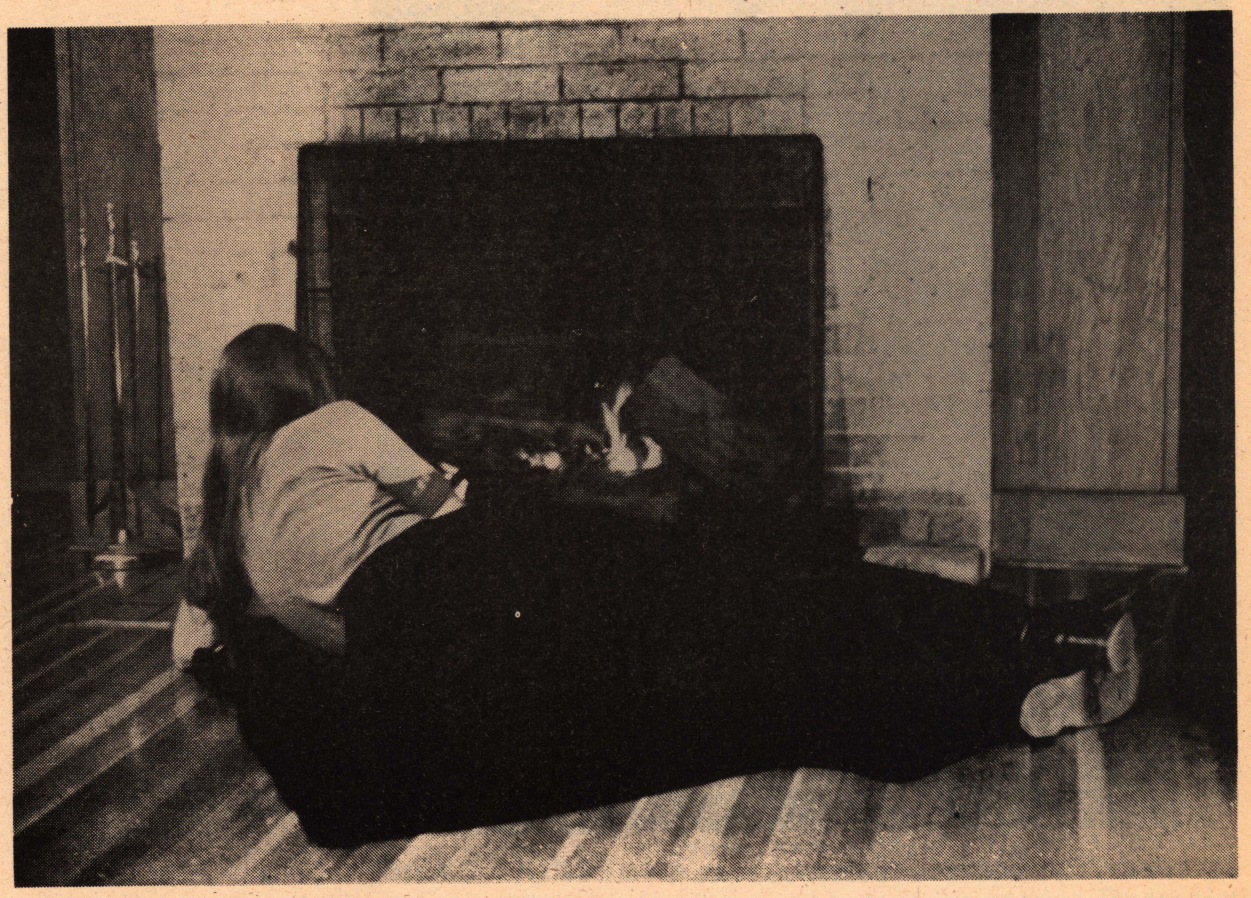
JOANIE: You know, he slapped me right in the face, once. The next day my lip was all swollen up, you know. I looked pretty funny. But when I walked down the street I felt sort of proud, you know, that I had a man to do those things to me. *(Pause. She is getting close to passing out.)* But now you're all so afraid of hurting me, aren't you? Afraid that maybe I'll cry. So you have to leave, to keep me happy. So I won't cry. Well, I'll tell you baby, it's the leaving that hurts, it's not you at all. *(She lies down, with her coat over her.)* Hey listen Karl, will you get me a glass of water in a while. I'm always so thirsty when I wake up. *(A deep sigh. She seems to be almost crying, then passes out.)*

KARL: Yeah, in a while. *(Finishes his carving, which doesn't look like much of anything. Walks over to Joanie.)* Well, what do you think of that, Joanie? *(a snicker)* Yeah, I think you could call it art. Even better, you could call it erotic art maybe. *(He kneels next to her, takes a bit of her hair, pretends to cut if off with his knife, then snickers, and instead scrapes some fur from her coat. Holds the bit of fur for a few seconds, then sprinkles it on the floor. Returns to his chair. Julian enters carrying firewood.)* Well, Julian, what do you think of that?

JULIAN: I don't know. Kind of interesting, I guess.

KARL: Yeah, it'll sell millions. Hey, how much longer is she going to stay?

JULIAN: Well, as long as she wants, I guess. You can't just throw a girl out, you know. My mum used to say "if you can't treat a lady properly you're not worth



A scene from the Second Show by Carol Reid.

This is CAROL REID'S second appearance in the Martlet Magazine appropriately titled, The Second Show. Carol's three character dramas rely on the creation of a strong mood of foreboding. What is left unsaid is of more importance than the actual dialogue. Several theatre groups have expressed interest in producing Carol's plays.

IN BETWEEN

I have written
this poem
a thousand times
before this night;
and here I sit
writing it again.

I miss you.
I miss your missing
me.
I miss your loving.
I miss your body,
warm and close
and spent.

I miss your breath,
sweet and cool
upon the sweat
of my belly.

I have written
this poem
many, many times
before this night;
and only the you
ever changes.

BY W. ROBERT ARNOLD

being in this world, Julie.'' I think that's true, you know.

KARL: No, I don't know.

JULIAN: That's not all she used to say, either. She told me so many things about women, about how to tell if a girl was worth your attentions. She told me ''never talk to a girl who talks to you first, Julie. You'll think she's just a nice friendly girl, but she'll turn out to be a pushy little floozie'' *(Puts wood in the fire.)*

KARL: That's not bad advice, I guess. *(Pause)*

JULIAN: You don't think she's upset, do you? *(Pause)* You don't think anythings happened, do you? No, no. God's all over the place. Nothing's happened. *(Pause)* You know Karl, I'm not sure that I want her to stay.

KARL: She's going to, though, right? I mean, you can't have much of a party with just two people.

JOANIE: *(waking up)* Are you talking about me? Yeah, you were, weren't you? You were talking about me. Hey, where's that glass of water Karl? Come on, you know how it feels when you wake up.

KARL: Yeah, might as well get it now. Won't do much good later, right Joanie? *(Walks back to the sink.) (The fire starts burning more brightly.)*

JOANIE: Come here, look at this, Julie. The world's burning and it doesn't even touch me. *(Julian sits near her but away from the fire.)*

JULIAN: I never wanted to hurt you.

JOANIE: You know, the guy at the club, he says I'm doing O.K. *(Short pause.)* Oh God, I go there every night. Every night. I say over and over again. ''I love you, I love you.'' but I don't even know who I'm talking to. *(Karl walks up to Joanie with the glass of water)*

KARL: Hey, here's the water.

JULIAN: Really I ...

JOANIE: I said to myself, no, I won't go back. Why should I? *(She laughs to herself, then looks at Julian with contempt)* I'm still a virgin, you know.

JULIAN: I never wanted to use you.

KARL: Come on, here's the water.

JOANIE: All right, Julian, use me. Come on, Mr. America hurt me. *(sarcastically)* You can't do it, Julie. *(Karl throws the glass of water into the fire, returns to his chair. Joanie sighs, stares into the fireplace. Julian returns to the sofa.)*

KARL: Maybe we should take a holiday down to that beach where we were before.

JOANIE: Yeah, yeah that was a nice place.

JULIAN: No, I don't ... there were some people there I didn't like.

KARL: Hey, remember all those fruit trees up by the bank there? Remember those, Joanie?

JOANIE: Yeah, yeah, I liked that place. *(Pause)* Remember the night I almost drowned. We all thought that was the end.

(They all laugh, Blackout.)

OTHER VOICES

BY RICK STEVENSON

Caged within its sighs
of bones and flesh
a lie of ages
tightens its small red fist
in stringencies,
pounds at the door of being:

I am, I am, I am.

No one outside answers me.

For years I have existed here,
feeding only on the moon,
a moment's wan face
smiling plenitude in darkness.

How its light appalls!

Soon its gravity will pull
another tide across my eyes.

Waves of blood dash
upon my mind's eroded stone,
make a hollow of me.

I have only driftwood memories
lodged behind my eyes,
am sinking under green
sudden, silent;
more myself than seen.

''Mr. James William McGillivray
age 47 years and late of
2751 Roseberry Ave., Victoria...
'young, and with a family'
'cut down before his prime',
the other voices say.

''In Victoria at Victoria
General Hospital
June 23rd 1973'':
the expert hands of surgeons
could not reimburse his time.

My death begins the syndrome
of a cancer far greater
than demise:

''...an employee of the Victoria
School Board survived by
his loving wife Lois,
son Robert, two daughters
Sherri and Michaelle,
all at home...'',

the names and places
contract a sudden reckoning with death.

The disease spreads quickly,
cells multiplying rapidly,
uncontrolled.

The body cannot cope
with its implosions,
the random growth
obstructing structure.

Tuesday June 26th, 1 p.m.:
The undertaker moves an
officious hand in time,
informs my flesh
of death.

I am to be of
this world no longer.

Carefully prepared to disembark,
one last wave
must pass my eyes:

Across the sea of other faces,
a series of deaths by drowning.